

The Historie of

drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come
and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow Carriers, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it betwo a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanterne, to see my Gelding
in the Stable.

1. Car. Nay by God soft; I know a tricke worth two of
that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth
he) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, What time do you meane to come to
London.

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant
thee. Come neighbor Muges, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen,
they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth Picke-purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand qd. the Chamber-lain,
for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing
direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads-hill, it holds currât that
I told you yester night, there's a Franklin in the wild of Kent,
hath broght three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard
him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind
of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God
knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges & But-
ter: they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas Clarkes,
Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the
Hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas, as true-
ly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang,
Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hâgs
with me, & thou knowes he is no starueling: tut, there are o-
ther

Henry the Fourth.

ther Troians that thou dream'st not of, thew
fate are content to do the profession some grace
(if matters should be lookt into) for their credit
whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers,
sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio
malt-worms, but with nobility & tranquility. I
and great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as
ner then speak, & speake sooner then drinke, &
then pray; and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray
their Saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray
prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her,
their booties.

Cham. What the Common-wealth their B
hold out Water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord b
in a Castle, cockesure; wee haue the receipt of Fe
walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are mo
to the night then to Fernefeed, for your walking.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a sha
chafe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a

Gad. Go to, homo is a cōmon name to all men
bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewell ye men.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poynes. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoo
Horse; and he frets like a gum'd veluer.

Prince. Stand close. Enter Fal.

Fal. Poynes, Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Prince. Peace ye fat kidneyd rascal, whata b
thou keepe?

Fal. What Poynes, Hal?

Prince. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that theeues comp
hath remoued my horse, and tyed them I know
I trauel but 4. foot by the squire further a foot,
my wind: Well, I doubt not but to die a fair
this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I h
his company hourly any time this 22. year, an